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SPRIT OF KOSCIUSKO.

W. E. SMITH & M. VAUL,

("WHERE LIBERTY DWELLS THERE IS MY COUNTRY.")

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

VOL. I.]

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nected with the office, must be Post
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THE SPIRIT OF KOSCIUSKO.

The Drunkard.

BY A YOUTH.

WALSEY, when a boy, was
and pride of his parents, the
play-mates, and throughout
neighborhood there was not
omising boy. He was of a
apprehensive mind, kind, peace-
conciliating disposition, and
his company was sought af-
school-mates, notwithstand-
they bore towards him on
his superior qualities. His fa-
ding to place him at the bar,
or money was spared to
n with a classical education.
ade great proficiency in the
anches of study which were
to fit his mind for the avoca-
law; and in whatsoever he
was his constant aim to out-
fellows, which often brought
and envy on his head.

be necessary to notice the
of the parents of Charles, in
at my readers may be made
quainted with the way in which
was instructed. His father was
able man, just and true in all
ings with his fellow men; intel-
humane; generous and noble.

He had passed through many
enes and was well acquainted
on nature and the vicissitudes
gers to which we are subject;
hatsoever situation he was pla-
overty or wealth; sickness or
was his constant delight to
upon the goodness of God; and
ed with the poet that whatev-
rdaineth is good, that

man be false, yet God is wise."
he had none; he was the friend
man who was a friend to him-
had at this time, acquired con-
wealth, not by defrauding the
ignorant of what is justly due
is frequently the case, but he
his own individual efforts, by in-
d economy to affluence. He
ed the sole cause of his success
world to that of temperance. He
adulged in the bowl of poison—
was his only care to guard his
ng son against the temptations
urrounded him. Charles being
child it was a natural conse-
that the father should bestow
tions upon him—to watch over,
d protect him from the enticing
ring temptations of the bowl—
stings, of all other vices, are the
be feared and shunned. This,
greatest care; and he never suf-
Charles to loiter about the grog-
or listen to the drunkard's vul-
and blasphemy.

es grew up to manhood—belov-
all who knew him, and the admi-
and the esteem of many who
im only by hearsay. He had ac-
a good education and commenc-
study of the law. About the
entered upon this task, his ven-
father was laid upon the bed of
occasioned by a cold and in a
ys no hopes were entertained of
recovery. A short time previous
death he called Charles to his bed-
d gave him the following paren-
onitions:

aries," said he, "you are a young
at setting out upon the stormy
life—health, peace and happiness
filling around you, but yet the
of life are thorny. The hand of
now upon me. I have lived to
old age and shall soon be gather-
ing with my fathers. I feel that
I shall have to quit this world—
y spirit will shortly ascend to the
ho gave it, and dear son, be si-
while I speak, and may these dying
sink deep into your heart."
the old gentleman became exhaus-
d lay for several moments with
resting upon Charles, who was
in breathless silence over him!
ngth he resumed: "Vice besets
be watchful, be guarded; indulge
gaming; curse not; lie not, but
the truth though justice may be
and last though not least, of all

the corruptions of the times—of all the
snares which are set to entrap the soul
and engulf the unwary and unsuspect-
into irretrievable ruin and despair, be
especially guarded against the intox-
icating draught—taste not, touch not,
look not at the poison! My son, this is
my last request; promise me that you
will comply with it and I shall die con-
tent." Charles was moved to tears; he set
himself on the bedside and wept loud &
long. He promised faithfully to comply
with his father's last request—a faint
smile rested upon the old gentleman's
face, and he calmly sunk to rest in the
arms of death. This was a trying mo-
ment for Charles—briny tears trickled
down his manly cheeks while sorrow
filled his soul, and where is the person
so cold and obdurate of heart—so lost
to human feeling that can behold the
form of an affectionate parent wrapped
in the cold and icy arms of death, who
will not shed the sympathetic tear? That
being who can stand beside the lifeless
form of a parent, a brother or sister with-
out expressing by a single tear of sor-
row his deep regret and veneration,
for the same must be dead to pity and
not fit to live in a christianized land.—
But I will pass over this, and follow
Charles, through the course of several
years, and my readers will know, ere
this sketch is completed, whether he
fulfilled the promises he made, and the
sequel will show every thing.

Charles made great proficiency in the
study of the law, and in a few months af-
ter the death of his father, was admitted
to the bar, at which he became a distin-
guished member. At the age of twenty-
one he was put in possession of the pa-
rimony bequeathed to him by his father.
His mother died about a year after the
death of her husband, and Charles be-
came sole master of the estate. He
rose to a high standing at the bar, and
was more learned than any of his pro-
fessional brethren. But I will hasten
on with this narrative and show my
readers how ruin and distress may come
upon a family when, at the same time,
conscience, that wise and unerring mon-
itor of man is striving to warn him of
the approach of vice.

Charles now turned his attention to
secure a partner in his comforts, and
the lady whom he had selected was a
lovely, intelligent one of eighteen. Her
name was Nancy Belper; she was the
loveliest of her sex, the fairest of her
kind. Nature had lavished upon her
every attraction which adorn the fe-
male character. To this interesting
lady did Charles offer his addresses—they
were well received, and in a few months
she became the wife of Charles Walsey.
I will not tire the reader's patience by
relating all the happy hours which were
spent in the honey-moon; nor will I at-
tempt a description of the gayety & life
and beauty which were displayed in the
solemnization of the wedding.

Time rolled merrily on, while the
happy couple were enjoying the de-
lightful, felicity of the first season of a
wedded life. A darling boy crowned
their nuptials, and from the veneration
in which he held the memory of his
father, he called his child William—the
name of his father. Thus things went
on smoothly for some time; each lived
in each other's smiles. But ah! how of-
ten is it that we revel in the sunshine
of pleasure for a season, until misfor-
tune, or heedlessness, or a care-for-noth-
ing spirit precipitates us into the vor-
tex of ruin! Alas, poor weak-sighted
man! The dazzling splendor of a pal-
ace may glitter around you to-day;
riches and honor may be thine—and
ere to-morrow has dawned—ere the
bright luminary of Heaven has melted
the dew off the fresh blown rose, a pri-
son may be thy abode—shut out from
all that binds thy soul to earth—doomed
to drudgery—among felons, the off-
scourings of creation. Where then is
thy honor? Of what avail are thy rich-
es and thy former pomp and show? In
their stead misery and despair are pic-
tured upon thy face. How vain and
foolish is it to place too much value up-
on these things; for, in accordance to

the estimate we set upon ourselves so
will our miseries be tenfold. The poet
has said with truth,

"Every pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare."

But I am wandering from my subject.
The scene changes. The day of pure,
unalloyed happiness of this interesting
pair are nearly brought to a close. And
now, I will show the error, and how
that error multiplied into vice and
brought misery and distress in its train;
whether Charles complied with his pro-
mises, and the consequences. And,
gentle reader, it shall be a true picture
of life, many of you, I doubt not, have
witnessed similar scenes. But to pro-
ceed with my sketch.

A great fault of Charles was that of
placing too much confidence in mankind
—therefore, it is natural to conclude that
he was fallible and liable to be led as-
tray. One evening while he was con-
versing with the sharer of his joys and
his child upon his knee, a gentle
rap was heard at the door; it was open-
ed, and two men whom Charles had
mistaken for real friends, requested him
to accompany them. He begged to be
excused, but they pressed him, and af-
ter much persuasion was induced to fol-
low them. After crossing several streets
they entered a coffee-house. At this
place it was common for gentlemen to
meet to while away their hours. Games
of every description were going on.—
Charles viewed the scene for a few min-
utes and was about to retire complete-
ly disgusted at the sight when he was
tapped on the shoulder, and turning a-
round he beheld his most intimate friend
—the person in whom he had confided.
Blinded by the glitter and show, Charles
forgot his wife, child, and his solemn
promises, accepted a glass of liquor.—
This was calculated to make him still
more forgetful. He drank glass after
glass and soon became intoxicated. In
this state he was easily persuaded to
try his fortune at the Pharo table. He
bet and won, and bet and won again.
Presently the chances of fortune run
against him: he lost, and as he lost he dou-
bled and re-doubled his bets and still
was unsuccessful. After losing a
large sum he returned home; his wife,
innocent creature, was still awaiting
his arrival. Little did she deem that he
was destroying her happiness and bring-
ing sorrow, shame, misery and despair
upon his family. He entered the house
for the first time in his life intoxicated.

"Dear husband," asked his affection-
ate wife, "are you unwell?"

"Talk not now to me," said he; "go
to bed; I'll take care of myself."

His wife, ever obedient to his command
obeyed. He laid himself on the floor
and was soon wrapped in the arms of
Morpheus. The morning came, and
with it came trouble to his soul. He
endeavored to trace his conduct the
preceding evening; and the more he
tried to collect his wandering thoughts
the more despondent he became, and to
drown his despondency he again resor-
ted to the coffee-house. Infatuated man,
to look for consolation in the bowl! For
a covering to hide thy shame! Thus
he continued; day after day might he
be seen lounging about the haunts of
vice, while the partner of his bosom,
was at home praying with uplifted and
tearful eyes to Heaven to reclaim her
husband. But ah! poor and injured
woman! Thy petition ascends in vain!
Thy husband has set at nought the smi-
tings of conscience; the angel of mercy
has striven in vain, and all is lost; peace
and happiness are forever buried in the
gulf of oblivion! I do not wish it un-
derstood that Charles had drank no li-
quor previous to this sad change, for it
used to take an occasional dram. It
is by degrees, this vice gains upon man
as the serpent entwines itself around
its victim; and the moment he left his
house on the night mentioned, was
the last happy one of his life. He con-
tinued to drink and gamble until he had
gambed away his soul and the happi-
ness of his family. Alas! for the part-
ner of thy bosom whom thou hadst
sworn to protect and sustain; the prom-
ises made to thy dying father! No lon-

ger was he the kind and affectionate
husband, the tender parent, or the lover
of good society. No longer did the
smiles of joy and happiness beam upon
his face:—He was a drunkard! On,
on he went in his drunken and misera-
ble career! Great God! what a change
was here! How easy it is when the
path of rectitude is once broken to be
led through all the sinks of iniquity!

Let us now turn our attention to the
fireside, and endeavor to portray the
manner of the injured wife in these try-
ing scenes. We behold her bending in
humble prayer before the shrine of Hea-
ven calling in suppliant tones, for the
aid of her maker to protect and uphold
her—to endure her with courage and for-
titude sufficient to enable her to with-
stand the troubles to which she is sub-
jected. And as she pours forth a peti-
tion in behalf of her husband tears of
sorrow teem down her pale but lovely
cheeks. No malice, hatred nor re-
venge is mixed in her humble petition—
nought save love and pity is centered
in her heart. She rises from her hum-
ble posture with a thankful heart, fully
trusting in the promises of God. To
see the female form bending before the
Majesty of Heaven—to see her pouring
forth the grateful tribute of her heart to
her Maker, is a sight which kings might
envy—a sight at which angels rejoice,
and fills the mind of the beholder with
awe and reverence.

From this time the health of Mrs.
Walsey began to decline owing to the
disturbed state of her mind. Soon she
was laid upon her bed of sickness. Ev-
ery effort was made for her recovery,
but all proved unavailing. Charles saw
it was his work, and for the first time
during his drunken course gave vent to
a flood of tears. The days of happier
years; the dying request of his father—
all rushed upon his mind, and he was
truly miserable. "Weep not, dear
Charles, for me," said the tender wife,
"I know, I feel that ere long I shall
leave this world for a habitation in the
skies; and let me entreat you to re-
form. Be mindful of William, protect
him from the wily snares of the world,
and grant that Heaven may lend you
aid to overcome your adversaries;"—
and she fell into a sweet slumber. This
was a sorrowful moment for Charles;
he was struck with a sense of his un-
worthiness. Conscience was now at
work upon his heart; he felt that he had
wronged her, himself, and his God; and
he resolved in his own mind to quit his
evil ways, and lead a different and be-
coming life. She awoke and called him
by name. At its sound he could picture
before him the happy scenes of other
days; that voice which had striven so
earnestly to warn him of his danger, and
which he had as often disregarded now
sounded sweet and enchanting to his
ear. He sprang to her bedside and fell
upon his knees, while he poured forth
the feelings of his heart:

"I am well aware that I have wrong-
ed you—that I have involved us all in
misery and ruin—yet, as a penitent, I
kneel before, and pray forgiveness at
your hands. Oh! grant me one request
—wilt thou, dear Nancy, forgive me
for my folly—for the many injuries I
have done thee, and I shall be mora hap-
py, and shall always walk in the path
of rectitude—speak, dear wife, wilt thou
forgive me?" "Dear Charles," said she,
gasping for breath, and casting a lovely
and affectionate smile upon him as he
kneelt beside her, "I freely forgive you,
and may God have mercy on you.—
Farewell! I am dying!" and barely
had he time to raise his head when a
lovely smile was seen to play upon
cheeks, and she was no more! free from
pain, from care and trouble. Her soul
had taken its flight to mansions of eter-
nal rest!

A few weeks after this sad calamity
Charles resumed his vicious habits. He
had become too habituated to the bowl
to quit it. He indulged in it to a great-
er extent than before. A short time
after the death of his wife, Charles
being intoxicated and at play with one
of the men who first led him astray, a
dispute arose, and Charles plunged a
knife into his heart, of which wound he
died in a few minutes. Charles was
tried and condemned to expiate his of-
fence on the gallows, but owing to sev-
eral circumstances his punishment was
commuted by the governor to that of
confinement in the State prison for life,
where, in the course of a few years, he
died a miserable and degraded wretch,
unwept, unmourned, and forgotten.—
Thus ends the life of a drunkard!

In conclusion, let me warn you young
man to beware of the delusive and al-
luring pleasures of the bowl—though at
the moment it may enliven your hopes
and dissipate your cares and fears, its
qualities are of a deadly poison, and the
stings of remorse follow in its train.—
This is a true picture of life however
faintly described. Many set out with

as fair hopes and promises as did Charles
Walsey and have met with similar ends.
Young man beware of its temptations,
daily can be seen its victims, and when-
ever crime is committed, nine cases out
of ten result from the free use of this
poison. It kindles in the breast a flame
—the oftener it is fed, the more dan-
gerous and destructive is it in its con-
sequences. Guard against false friends,
for they are the agents of hell!—they
are the first to set your feet on slippery
ground. Be vigilant, be watchful; be
ever on your guard to resist the machi-
nations of the devil, and peace and hap-
piness through life, and never-ending
bliss and felicity will be yours in eter-
nity.

WASHINGTON, MADISON, AND HENRY.

No individuals in American history
have occupied more important and com-
manding positions, have had greater in-
fluence over the country, or are regard-
ed with so much love and admiration
as Washington, Madison, and Henry.
We would point to these individuals,
and ask you, men of intelligence and in-
fluence, to what they owed their noble-
ness and lofty elevation? What was
it which so controlled the elements of
their character, as to divest them of all
selfishness, and make them the disinter-
ested and magnanimous patriots which
they were in public—the humble, gen-
tle beings which they were in private?
That virtue is indeed, of the highest
and noblest quality which exercises its
commanding influence over all the se-
cret and retired hours of a man, and
makes him as gentle and lovely in the
family, and as watchful over his conduct,
as when he stands before the gaze of the
public. Such were the virtues of these
men. The private life of Washington
places him on a higher position than his
public acts. Madison's character was
one of the loveliest and most attractive
which history can present: and all these
to be appreciated, must be seen in pri-
vate. Censure retires from investiga-
tion rebuked. To what, then, we ask
again, did they owe this combination
of noble qualities? We ask you, men of
intelligence and influence, to ponder
the answer. They were Christians.

That Washington and Henry were
so, and in communion with the Episco-
pal Church, published memoirs show.
And with respect to the venerable
Madison, we have lately had conversa-
tion with a friend whose authority is
beyond question and whose means of
information were the most abundant,
which has led us to the belief that he
too was a Christian. To the pure and
gentle influences of Christianity he owed
all the sweet and attractive loveliness
which rendered him in private the most
amiable of men, and all that grand and
lofty and venerable disinterestedness
which gave him in public the confi-
dence of the country.

The Blacksmith Representative.—Ich-
abod Emmons, a blacksmith by trade,
for some years represented the town of
Hinsdale in the Legislature of Massachu-
setts. He was a man of a good deal of
wit and humor, and made no little sport
for the other members of the house. The
Pawtucket Chronicle relates the follow-
ing: Emmons was at times slovenly in
his dress and personal appearance. On
one of these occasions a spruce, well
dressed Boston member, rallied the old
man upon his appearance, and asked
him why he did not come to the honor-
able house better dressed. "Do you
suppose," said the old man, with the
utmost gravity, "that I am going to wear
my best clothes here in Boston?" The
effect was irresistible.

A Hint to Young Married Women.—
Never tell your own affairs to any old
gossiping house-wife. Let her appear
ever so spacious—so sincere—so candi-
d—besure to avoid her, and keep your
own counsel; for the only reason she
has for prying into your secrets—for
insinuating herself into your confidence,
is to learn that some error, some defor-
mity exist in your family, on which she
may feast in secret delight for a mo-
ment, and then share some of the choic-
est bits with her neighbors. Treas-
ure this upon, and act upon it; and it
will save you years of mortification, if
not of heart burning and sorrow.—*Balt. Visitor.*

The following is the closing para-
graph of the will of Patrick Henry: "I
have now disposed of all my property
to my family; there is one thing more I
wish I could give them, and that is the
Christian religion. If they had this, and
I had not given them one shilling, they
would be rich and if they had not that, &
I had given them all the world, they
would be poor."

Money makes the man perfect.